

2 DOLLAR COMIC

STARTLING STORIES BY: SHELLY MAYER • ELLIOT S. MAGDOIN
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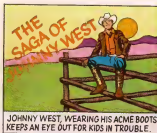
TIME WARP

DOOMSDAY
TALES AND
OTHER
THINGS

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



C-2999



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A WIND WHISPERS THROUGH THE STEEL AND CHROME SILENCE OF BOSTON SPACE PORT THIS NIGHT IN MAY.



PLEASE, HUGO--
YOU'VE GOT TO
TAKE ME WITH
YOU!

BUT IT
IS NOT THE
GENTLE
BREEZE
OF A WARM
SPRING EVE.
RATHER, IT
IS A CHILL,
REMINISCENT
OF UN-
FEELING--

--STEEL!

NO, MARILYN, MY LOVE,
WHERE I'M GOING I'VE
GOT TO GO... ALONE!



DON'T YOU UNDER-
STAND, HUGO? I DON'T
CARE HOW YOU
LOOK! I JUST
WANT TO BE A
PART OF YOUR
LIFE!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND--?
THERE IS NO PLACE FOR
YOU IN MY LIFE...ANYMORE..
OUR LIFE TOGETHER
ENDED THE DAY I CEASED
BEING A MAN!



GOOD-BYE,
MY LOVE.

ONCE HE WAS A MAN.

IT WAS DIFFERENT NOW. HE WAS
STILL HUGO WEAVER. BENEATH
HIS METALLIC SKIN-- BUT THAT
PERSONA HAD CHANGED. MUCH
AS HIS BODY HAD BEEN ALTERED
BY THE CRUELTY OF FATE.



ONCE HE WAS A CREATURE
OF FLESH-- WARM,
SENSITIVE, CARING. NOW
EMOTIONS HAD DONE THE
WAY OF THE FLESH,
TURNING, LIKE HIS BODY,
TO STEEL!

UNION IN STEEL

PAUL KUPFERBERG
-- WRITER --

DON NEWTON & STEVE MITCHELL
-- ARTISTS --

MILT SHAPPIN
-- LETTERER --

GENE D'ANGELO
-- COLORIST --

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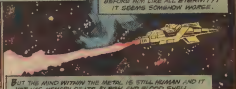
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HE HAS LIVED WITH ISOLATION FOR MANY MONTHS, GROWING ACCUSTOMED TO THE SHOCKED STARES AND HARSH WHISPERS THAT FOLLOWED HIM. BUT OUT HERE--



--HERE, WITH THE VAST EXpanse OF VELVET BLACKNESS STRETCHING BEFORE HIM LIKE ALL ETERNITY, IT SEEMS SO MUCH WORSE.

BUT THE MIND WITHIN THE METAL IS STILL HUMAN AND IT YET HAS MEMORY OF ITS FLESH AND BLOOD SHELL.

MEMORY OF THAT TIME NOT SO LONG AGO WHEN HE WAS HUMAN--A YOUNG, HAPPY MAN! HE WAS HUGO WEAVER, THE WEALTHIEST MAN ON EARTH...



AND POWERFUL WITH THE OMNIPOTENCE THAT COMES TO ALL THE VERY RICH.

BUT ALL THE POWER AND WEALTH OF EARTH WAS AS NOTHING AGAINST THE AWESOME UNPREDICTABILITY OF THE CHEMICAL SCIENCES.



AND ON THAT DAY, HUGO WEAVER WAS RUDELY--AND FOR-
EVER--SEPARATED FROM HIS HUMANITY!

AN ORDINARY MAN WOULD HAVE DIED THAT DAY--BUT HUGO WEAVER WAS AMONG THE FINEST MEDICAL MINDS AND MACHINES WERE RUSHED FROM ACROSS THE GALAXY TO HIS SIDE.



AND WHEN THEY WERE CERTAIN THE BODY WAS DEAD--

--THEY SIMPLY SUPPLIED HIM WITH A NEW ONE IN WHICH TO HOUSE THE BRAIN OF HUGO WEAVER AND THE LIFE'S BLOOD THAT NOURISHED IT.



IT WAS THE ONLY TIME HE LONGED FOR DEATH.

FOR THAT LONGING SOON TURNED TO
HATRED--HATRED FIRST OF HUMANS
AND THEIR FEAR AND LOATHING OF
HIS HORROR FORM--

--AND FINALLY
OF ALL THINGS
THAT LIVED!

SO WHAT CHOICE HAD HE BUT TO
LEAVE THE WORLD TEEMING WITH
THE ORGANIC--

--FOR A SYNTHETIC WORLD OF HIS
OWN MAKING IN THE FARTHEST ARM
OF THE GALACTIC SPIRAL!

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD
BE USED TO THE IDEA
BY NOW--BEING ALWAYS
ALONE! BUT HERE, AT
LEAST, I CAN ENJOY
MY SOLITUDE WITHOUT
THE CONSTANT, TAUNTING
PRESENCE OF LIVING
THINGS!

IT TOOK THE REST
OF MY FORTUNE TO
HOLD THIS PLANETOID
TO MY SPECIFICATIONS,
TURNING IT INTO A
WORLD DEVOID OF
ORGANIC LIFE!

COMPUTER, ACTIVATE.

ACTIVATED,
HWEVER. NOW
WHY I HELP
YOU?

HAVE YOUR
SENSORS
SWEEP THE
PLANET YET,
PUTER?

NATURALLY, HWEVER. THAT
IS MY PRIMARY FUNCTION--
TO SCAN THIS WORLD FOR
THE PRESENCE OF
ORGANIC LIFE FORMS--

--AND DESTROY
THEM.

ALRED HWEVER'S BRAIN,
SHIELDED FROM THE PRYING
SENSORS BEHIND THE
DENSEST ALLOY KNOWN,
COMMANDS THE BODY TO
NOD IN APPROVAL.

HIS NEW HOME FOR--
EVER. ALL IS --

...NOT WELL, UM...
'PUTER...NEED HE'
HELP!

HUNK! IT'S BEEN HAPPENING...
O-OVER THE PAST, ER...WEEK...
I THINK! BEEN GETTING...
WE-WEAKER, MEMORY GOING...
QUICK...

DO NOT SPEAK,
HWAVER. MY
SENSORS ARE
EXAMINING
YOU NOW.

SOON...

I HAVE COMPLETED MY
ANALYSIS OF YOUR CONDITION.
HWAVER, YOUR BODY IS
FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY.
I CAN FIND NO CAUSE
FOR A BREAKDOWN --

--IN A NON-ORGANIC SYSTEM.
WERE YOU AN ORGANIC
CREATURE, THE CAUSE
COULD PERHAPS BE
TRACED TO THIS SYSTEM'S
HIGH INCIDENCE OF SOLAR
RADIATION AND ITS
DETERIORATING EFFECT
ON BLOOD.

BLOOD?

BUT THE COMPUTER DOESN'T
KNOW! MY ROBOT BODY
CARRIES A BLOOD SUPPLY
TO CARRY NUTRIENTS TO
MY HUMAN BRAIN!

SURELY THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU CAN
DO FOR ME, 'PUTER?

I AM SORRY, HWAVER. MY
PROGRAMMING DOES NOT
CONTAIN DATA ON YOUR
MALFUNCTION. PERHAPS
IF YOU ALLOWED ME
TO SCAN YOUR MEMORY
CIRCUITS...

NO! IF IT DID, IT WOULD FIND
OUT I POSSESS ORGANIC
PARTS AND WOULD DESTROY
ME AS PER ITS PROGRAMMING!

I'D WISHED I'D
NEVER HAD
TO DO THIS,
BUT IF MY
BLOOD IS
BEING
POISONED
BY RADIATION,
I'LL HAVE TO
REPLACE IT
BEFORE MY
BRAIN DIES--

NIGHT, AND
A YOUNG
WOMAN
LOOKS
LONGINGLY
UP TO THE SKY,
SEARCHING
THE DISTANT
POINTS OF
LIGHT FOR
SOMETHING
— SOMEONE

• FALLING
STAIRS

LIFE SPARKS ANEW
IN HER HEART, A
HEART CAUSED TO
SUFFER AND MADE
AS EMPTY AS THE
HEAVENS ABOVE
BY HER LOVER'S
DEPARTURE FOR
THE STAGE.

2. 2004

I KNOW YOU'D
BE COMING BACK
TO ME.

NO SIGN OF THE
ARMYMENT THERE
HARDER BEING...

NO!

- AND YOU HADN'T MY
DEAREST? I'M GOING
BACK WITH YOU!

BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU CAN'T—

BUT I CAN, HUGO.
EVER SINCE YOU LEFT
ME I'VE BEEN LIKE A
DEAD WOMAN INSIDE.
IF YOU'RE GOING
TO LEAVE ME
454/V -

-- THEN
I'D RATHER
BE DEAD

YOU NEED BLOOD,
HUGO--YOU CAN HAVE
MINE!

YOUR...

BUT I...
HAVEN'T,
MARILYN.
LISTEN...

HUGO WEAVER SPEAKS
HIS COLD, MECHANICAL
VOICE BETRAYING NO
EMOTION --

AFTER THE ADVENTURE
YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH
...IT'S NOT FAIR YOU
SHOULD DIE LIKE
THIS - -

HE REACTS FIRST
IN HORROR--BUT
THAT FADES
SWIFTLY, AND
WITHOUT ADVANTAGE

...HUGO WEAVER
KNOWS HIS HUMANITY
HAS LEFT HIM FOREVER!

THE FASTER-THAN-LIGHT JOURNEY TO
THE OUTER EDGE OF THE COMOS IS
MADE IN SILENCE, UNTIL...

WE'RE HOME, MARILYN.
YOU'VE SACRIFICED YOUR
LIFE TO BE WITH ME--

...AND YOU WILL
BURIED BY MY HOME...
BY MY SIDE AS I
PROMISED.

SUDDENLY, THE PRE-DAWN
SKY IS ALIVE WITH LIGHT--
A RUBY-RED, UNNATURAL
LIGHT...

LIKE A FRIGHTENED, WOUNDED BIRD, THE
SMALL SPACE FLYER WOBLES
UNCERTAINLY TO THE CONCRETE
COVERED GROUND...

COMPUTER!
STOP IT!

I AM SORRY, WEAVER.
MY SENSORS DETECTED
AN ORGANIC LIFE FORM
ON BOARD YOUR SHIP.
I MERELY FOLLOW...

SHE WAS DEAD.
CURSE YOU! THERE
WAS NO NEED...

MY PRIMARY FUNCTION IS TO DESTROY ORGANIC MATTER, WEAVER.

SHE WAS NO THREAT TO OUR WORLD, 'PUTER! SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD!

BUT THE BODY WAS ONCE COMPOSED OF LIVING MATTER--

--AND ALL LIVING MATTER MUST BE DESTROYED!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE DRONE SHIP ATTACKS AEW. THIS TIME ITS LASERS STRIKE OUT AT ITS CREATOR.

ZAAATZ

IT IS ONLY THE SUPER-PEANUT ALLY HIS BODY IS CONSTRUCTED OF THAT SAVES HUGO WEAVER FROM IMMEDIATE DEATH...

MY SENSORS TELL ME THE PLANET IS NOW CLEANSED, WEAVER.

...MY...BLOOD...

THAT WILL COME LATER!

--HIS ONLY METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION FROM THIS WORLD IS A PILE OF TWISTED, RUINED WRECKAGE--THE ONLY HUMAN WHO STILL CONSIDERED HIM A MAN IS DEAD!

HUGO WEAVER KNOWS WHAT HE HAS BECOME, BUT IT NO LONGER MATTERS. FOR WITHIN WEEKS, HE SHALL ALSO DIE--SLOWLY, PAINFULLY! AND HE KNOWS, TOO, THAT THE RISING SUN heralds NOT THE BEGINNING OF A NEW DAY, BUT THE END OF ALL DAYS!

FOR THE VERY LIQUID OF LIFE THAT COULD KEEP HIM ALIVE LIES IN A PUZZLE AT HIS FEET--

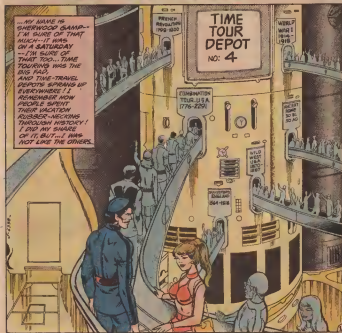
BUT MEN OF METAL CANNOT DRY--EVEN IF, AT LAST, THEY FEEL THEY MUST...

END



...UNTIL I FIND A WAY IN TIME...

STORY BY:
SHELDON MAYER
ILLUSTRATED BY:
DICK AYERS AND
JIMMY JAMES
COLORED BY:
BOB LEROSE
LETTERED BY:
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DO NOT REPRESENT ACTUAL SEA-MONKEYS

... TO ME, TIME TRAVEL WAS MORE THAN A VACATION PASTIME! I HAD VERY PRIVATE PLANS FOR IT. I HAD SECRETLY DEvised MY OWN METHOD, AND ON THE DAY I HAD CHOSEN TO TRY IT, THE COLLAGE KIDS WERE PICKETING THE DEPOT AGAIN. THEIR JET-PAKING AROUND US BOTHERED A GIRL TOURIST BEHIND ME...

THOSE TROUBLE-MAKERS! THEY SHOULD BE RAY-GUNNED!

STOP TIME TRAVEL NOW!

COM TUTOR U.S.A. 1776 2291

TIME TRAVEL IS DANGEROUS

TIME TRAVEL WILL DESTROY HUMANITY

HAUHH! IF IT WASN'T FOR THEM, TIME TRAVEL COULD MAKE THIS WHOLE GENERATION RICH!

IT COULD ALSO WIFE US OUT!

NONSENSE! THEY EXAGGERATE THE DANGER! WHAT COULD WE HURT BY SELLING THOSE OLD-TIMERS' MODERN CONVENIENCES-OR BRINGING BACK ANTIQUES?

IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!

STEP THIS WAY FOR THE SAFETY SPRAY!

IT'S A STUPID LAW-AND THIS SAFETY SPRAY! WHAT GOOD IS IT IF IT'S INVISIBLE ANYWAY!

NOT TO THE COMPUTER SCANNERS! THEY PICK UP ALL SPRAYED OBJECTS LEFT IN THE WRONG TIME ZONE!

KMPH--! I COULD FIGURE
OUT A WAY TO FOOL THE
SCANNERS, I'D SMUGGLE
IN A LOT OF MODERN STUFF
AND GET RICH! WOULDN'T
YOU?

CERTAINLY
NOT!

20TH
CENTURY
TIME
BEING

19TH
CENTURY
TIME
BEING

I KNEW THE GAME THIS
GIRL WAS PLAYING! IT
MADE ME NERVOUS--BUT
I HANDLED IT...

REMEMBER? A MAN DID
FOOL THE SCANNERS ONCE!
HE ACTUALLY MINGLED!
A GIRL FROM 1740 A.D.
FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM!

I KNOW! I KNOW! SHE
JILTED HER FIANCE AND
NEVER MARRIED... SO
WHAT? THE WORLD'S
STILL HERE!

NOT QUITE,
YOUNG LADY--I
THINK YOU NEED
A HISTORY
LESSON!

WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING ME?

25TH
CENTURY
TIME
BEING

ON A SIDE TRIP
TO THE 25TH CENTURY--
C'MON, IT'S MY TREAT!

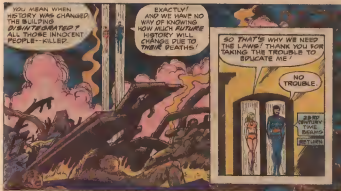
YOU BROUGHT
ME BACK 200
YEARS TO
SHOW ME
SOME
OLD-FASHIONED
SKY SCRAPERS?
BIG DEAL!

JUST
WATCH! THOSE
BUILDINGS WERE
MADE OF
"STRONTIUM"
--A METAL
DISCOVERED IN
2197 A.D. BY
HAROLD OSGOOD!

OH, NO?
THOSE BUILDINGS
--THEY'RE
COLLAPSING! WHY
WHAT HAPPENED?

CRUMMBLE!

OSGOOD WAS
A DESCENDANT OF THAT
18TH CENTURY GIRL--
BUT HE NEVER GOT
BORN--



YOU MEAN WHEN HISTORY WAS CHANGED THE BUILDING DISINTEGRATED? ALL THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE--KILLED.

EXACTLY! AND WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW MUCH FUTURE HISTORY WILL CHANGE DUE TO THEIR DEATHS!

SO THAT'S WHY WE NEED THE LAWS! THANK YOU FOR TAKING THE TROUBLE TO EDUCATE ME!

NO TROUBLE.

23RD CENTURY TIME BEAMS RETURN

I WAS LYING! IT HAD BEEN A LOT OF TROUBLE! BUT I HAD IMMEDIATELY SPOTTED THE GIRL FOR WHAT SHE WAS--AN UNDERCOVER TIME-TOUR SECURITY AGENT!



BYE!

BYE!

BLESS I'VE PUT HER OFF THE TRAIL--FOR NOW! BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



I FOUND A QUIET SPOT IN THE DEPOT AND, WITH A MINUTEMAN CIRCUIT CONCEALED IN A FINGER RING, I BORROWED ENERGY FROM THE TIME-TOUR'S POWER BANK...



...AND BECAME MYSELF OUT ON AN UNWARRANTED TIME TRIP OF MY OWN! THE BUREAU SCANNERS IGNORED ME COMPLETELY!

MY SURVEILLANCE ERASER IS WORKING FINE! THE SAFETY SPRAY IS TOTALLY CANCELLED!



THE TIME-BEAM TRANSPORTER OSCILLATED BY ATOMIC STRUCTURE FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT, SO THAT, IN THE APPROVED MANNER, I COULD NOT BE SEEN BY THE PEOPLE OF 1800. ALTHOUGH I COULD SEE THEM!

WITH MY COMPUTER FABRICATOR, I CONVERTED THE STRUCTURE OF MY CLOTHING...



...TO THE STYLE OF 1807 A.D. I TURNED OFF THE OSCILLATOR AND BECAME VISIBLE! I WAS ABOUT TO MINGLE!



I HAD RESEARCHED THIS PERIOD THOROUGHLY! IT WAS THE DAY ROBERT FULTON'S STEAM-BOAT "CLERMONT" MADE ITS TRIAL RUN FROM NEW YORK CITY TO ALBANY...



I'LL GIVE TWENTY-TO-ONE ODDS SHE'LL BLOW UP BEFORE SHE PASSES THAT MAPLE GROVE!

AH-H... THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITING TO HEAR!



I KNOW SHE'LL BLOW UP, BUT I CAN'T RESIST THOSE ODDS, JACK!

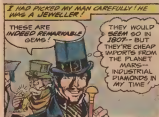
PAPER MONEY? NOT IN THESE TIMES, JIM! ONLY SPECIE! GOLD OR SILVER!

WILL YOU TAKE DIAMONDS, SIR?



DIAMONDS? OF COURSE! IF THEY'RE GENUINE!

EXAMINE THEM YOURSELF, SIR. YOU'LL FIND THEM OF EXCELLENT QUALITY!



I HAD PICKED MY MAN CAREFULLY! HE WAS A JEWELLER!

THESE ARE INDEED REMARKABLE GEMS!

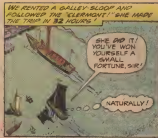
THEY WOULD SEEM SO IN 1807-- BUT THEY'RE CHEAP IMPORTS FROM THE PLANET MARS-- INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS IN MY TIME!



LOOK! SHE PASSED THE GROVE!

YOU'VE WON OUR BET, STRANGER! BUT I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME ODDS SHE'LL NEVER REACH HARLEM!

PHONE!



UNDO IT! WHAT FOR? MY PLAN WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL! I SAW IT ALL IN MY HEAD! I WOULD GO FORWARD 60 YEARS IN TIME TO 1967... RETURN TO THIS BANK, AND...

I'VE COME TO CLOSE OUT MY GRAND-FATHER'S ACCOUNT--YOU'LL FIND THESE PAPERS-- AND HIS WILL--IN ORDER...

AH, YES, MR. GAMP...

MY INVESTMENTS WILL HAVE GROWN TO HALF A MILLION DOLLARS--ENOUGH TO START ME ON THE GOOD LIFE--BOHEMIAN-BARON STYLE...

HA! THE YEARS 1967 TO 1912--A TERRIBLE TIME TO BE BORN, BUT GREAT FOR THE RICH!

WITH MY ARM FIRMLY UNDER HER'S, I "DISOBTED" THE PARALYZED AGENT OUT OF THE BANK...

MY DEAR, NOTHING SERIOUS WILL CHANGE FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS--BY THEN I WILL HAVE FINISHED A WONDERFUL LIFE!

THE FLU! YOU'RE FORGETTING THE FLU!

I FORGOT NOTHING! I INOCULATED MYSELF AGAINST ALL THE PRIMITIVE DISEASES OF THIS PERIOD!

I TOOK AWAY HER WEAPON, HER TIME-TRAVEL DEVICE, DE-PARALYZED HER AND LEFT THE PEFTY AGENT IN THE YEAR 1907! I BEAMED FORWARD IN TIME, CERTAIN I WOULD NEVER SEE HER AGAIN!

NO! NO WAIT!

HE? WAIT? HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

BUT WHEN I ARRIVED IN 1967--

THERE'S NOTHING HERE! ALBANY IS DESOLATE! BUT IT CAN'T BE! I DIDN'T DO ENOUGH TO CAUSE A CHANGE SO SOON!



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AS TIME RUNS OUT
ON AN UNKNOWN
WORLD, THE
STRANGER MUST
CHOOSE BETWEEN...

EARTH OR EXILE

MY ASTRO-
GEIGER
REGISTERED
HIGH
CONCENTRATIONS
OF FISSIONABLE
TRICHONIUM
ON THE
UNCHARTED
PLANETOID...

SHE'S ROTATING
AWAY FROM EARTH
AT 872 KLO/SECS
GIVING ME A MAXI-
STAY LIMIT OF
15 HOURS, 41
MINUTES!

THE TERRAIN WAS
SIMILAR TO HUNDREDS
OF OTHERS I'D SEEN
IN MY WILDCAT
PROSPECTING TRAVELS...

PRIMITIVE...BUT
ENOUGH
VEGETATION TO
SUPPORT SOME
KIND OF
LIFE!

AFTER DOWNING MY CAD* PILL,
I WAS READY TO EXPLORE...

IF MY ASTRO-
GEIGER WAS
ACCURATE, THIS
LITTLE WORLD
SHOULD NET
ME A BIG
HAUL!

* COMPENSATOR FOR ATMOSPHERIC
DIFFERENTIAL-- JCH & JO

GREEEAAAAA!!

GEORGE KASHEAN
WRITER
EDGAR BERGASO
ARTIST
ESPINOVA
LETTERS
JERRY SERPE
COLORS

I'D REALLY BEEN CAUGHT NAPPING." THE THING CAUGHT ME SO MUCH BY SURPRISE I HARDLY HAD TIME TO FIGHT BACK."

C-CAN'T GET AT MY RAYGUN."

UNHH... THOSE FANGS... EACH STAB FEELS LIKE A HOT POKER."

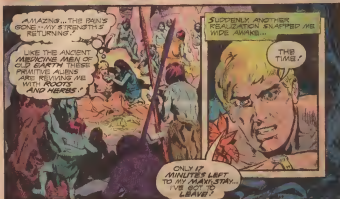
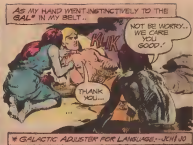
STRENGTH'S GONE... N-NO MORE FIGHT LEFT."

I-I'M FINISHED...

THWUPP

GREEAAAAA...







NO BE AFRAID...
HAPPEN TO ANY-
ONE BIT BY
ZACHA-BEAST!

OUR
MEDICINE
CURE YOU
IN FEW
DAYS!

A FEW
DAYS!



YOU DONT
UNDERSTAND...
YOUR WORLD AND
MINE ARE MOVING
FARTHER AND
FARTHER
APART!

SOON
I WON'T HAVE
ENOUGH
FUEL TO
RETURN
HOME.



WE' NO FORCE
YOU STAY!

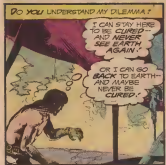
BUT WITHOUT
MEDICINE, YOU
BECOME LIKE
ZACHA-BEAST!

OUR
SCIENTISTS
WILL FIND A
CURE!



OR WILL
THEY?

WHAT IF THE
ONLY "MEDICINE" IS
THE UNIQUE PLANT-
LIFE OF THE
PLANETOID?



DO YOU UNDERSTAND MY DILEMMA?

I CAN STAY HERE
TO BE CURED...
AND NEVER
SEE EARTH
AGAIN!

OR I CAN GO
BACK TO EARTH--
AND MAYBE
NEVER BE
CURED!



ONLY A FEW
MINUTES LEFT
TO DECIDE!

WHAT
SHALL I
DO?

THE FLASH™

A FLASH IN THE DAM

I WANT EVERYBODY TO BE MISERABLE AND UNHAPPY LIKE ME. THEY WILL BE WHEN I DESTROY THE DOOVER DAM!

THE DESTROYER WILL BLAST THE DAM TO PIECES... UNLESS I GET THERE FIRST.

WHOOOPS. THE DESTROYER STARTED WITHOUT ME... BUT I'M HERE NOW!

YOU FORGOT TO INCLUDE ME IN YOUR PLANS, DESTROYER.

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, DESTROYER, IS YOU'VE NEVER LEARNED TO ENJOY THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE...

WHY THESE ARE HOSTESS® THINKERS® CAKES. MMM... THIS LIGHT, GOLDEN SPONGE CAKE AND CREAMED FILLING.

YOU WIN, FLASH. I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP! THERE IS A LOT OF HAPPINESS IN HOSTESS THINKERS CAKES.

YOU GET A BIG DELIGHT
IN EVERY BITE
OF HOSTESS® THINKERS® CAKES

THE ANTAEUS STRAIN

I WAS ABOARD THE ORBITING SPACE LAB HERACLES WHEN THE PROBE WAS RECOVERED. IT WAS THE FIRST INTERSTELLAR PROBE TO RETURN TO THE SOLAR SYSTEM AFTER COLLECTING SPACE DEBRIS.



WRITTEN BY: **WYATT GUYON** • DRAWN BY: **FRED CARRILLO** • LETTERED BY: **ESPINO MAHILUM** • COLORING BY: **JERRY SERPE**

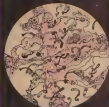


WE TOOK THE RESIDUALS OUT IN STRICT ISOLATION AND MOVED THEM TO THE LAB.



NO ONE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT... BUT NO ONE EXPECTED WHAT WE FOUND.

WASHERS! THEY WERE ALIVE. SOMEHOW THEY HAD SURVIVED THE MILLION-YEAR KILLING COLD OF THE VOID. AND MORE...



... THEY WERE GROWING...

RICHARD: ITS INCREDIBLE. NO NUTRIENTS NO ENERGY... YET THEY GROW. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DAYS UNTIL WE FIGURE IT OUT, JEANNE. AND NO CHANCE OF OUR HONEY-MOON ANY TIME SOON.



NOW RICHARD DON'T GO MALE ON ME.

I'M TEARSING SWEETS. WE'LL HAVE OUR WEEK IN BARBADOES WHEN THIS IS FINISHED.



THE FIRST ALIEN LIFEFORM: TO A BIOLOGIST, A BUG WAS AS EXCITING AS A WHOLE NEW CIVILIZATION. FOR TWO DAYS WE WORKED AROUND THE CLOCK.



JEANNE MADE THE FIRST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

"GRAVITY" INCREDIBLE. THEY FEED DIRECTLY ON GRAVITY. HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU THE DATA...



THEN-- THE POWER WENT OUT. BUT THE DATA SCREEN FLICKERED AND WE SAW--



EARTHIEN...
LISTEN...DO NOT
INTERFERE...
WE CONTROL
YOUR
VESSEL...



WE ARE AN ANCIENT
RACE AS OUR SUN GREW
COLD AND OUR PLANET
DIED MILLIONS OF YEARS
AGO WE SEARCHED FOR
A WAY TO SAVE
OURSELVES...

WE WERE
STRONG BUT
OUR MIGHT WAS
USELESS
AGAINST THIS
DOOM...



BUT WE
LEARNED... TO
TRANSFER OUR
MINDS INTO
SIMPLE LIFE
FORMS...EVER
SIMPLER...



FINALLY WE
ENTERED INTO THESE
WILDS SO HARDY
THAT NOTHING
CAN KILL THEM

FOR SOME WE
DROPTED TRAPPED
IN THESE SMOGS
BUT WE KNEW...AT
LAST WE MUST
REACH A PLANET...

THEN WE ENTERED
YOUR PROBE... TOOK
IT OVER...RETURNED
HERE... WAITED...

NOW AT LAST WE ARE FREE! WE HAVE ENTERED THE SYSTEMS OF THIS SHIP. WHAT WE TOUCH WE CONTROL. SOON WE WILL REACH EARTH ... AND NOTHING WILL STOP US.



MY GOD! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT! JETTISON IT!

WE CAN'T JETTISON! IT'LL FALL TO EARTH!

WE HAVE TO ISOLATE IT. BUT ... HOW CAN YOU ISOLATE SOMETHING FROM GRAVITY?



DR. WARD: "OUR ORBIT IS DECAYING, AND WE'VE LOST COMMUNICATION WITH EARTH."

THE SHUTTLES. RICHARD! DON'T THE SHUTTLES HAVE ALIENARY POWER?

YES, BUT ...



THEN TAKE ONE, GO TO EARTH.

I CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE.



THE SHUTTLES ARE THE ONLY WAY TO GET WORD TO EARTH. YOU HAVE TO GO BEFORE THEY'RE TAKEN OVER TOO. AND I HAVE TO STAY. I'M NEEDED HERE.



ALL RIGHT, FINE. I'LL GO.



I WATCHED THE GREAT BULK OF THE LAB
DWARFLE ABOVE ME. WHEN I WAS HALFWAY
DOWN, THE RADIO BEGAN WORKING AGAIN, AND
I BREKED EARTH...



AND A HOUR LATER I TOUCHED
DOWN AT THE CAPE. HALF THE
CHIEFS OF STAFF WERE
WAITING.



WE'VE NAMED
IT THE ANTAEUS
STRAIN. AFTER THE
GREEK WRESTLER
WHO DREW HIS
STRENGTH FROM
THE EARTH. IT
FEEDS ON
GRAVITY BUT WE
DON'T KNOW
HOW.

AND THIS VIRUS...
IS SENTIENT.

GENERAL IT'S
TAKEN OVER OUR
LAB.

DOCTOR...
CAN IT TAKE
OVER
PEOPLE?



I HAD NOT
THOUGHT
OF THAT...

I
DON'T KNOW



SO THE MIRACLES MIGHT
BE COMPLETELY TAKEN
OVER BY THEM, EVEN
NOW?

WHEN I LEFT THEY
HAD ONLY PARTIAL
CONTROL...



THEY'VE GOT TOO
MUCH CONTROL TO SUIT ME.
I SAY WE BLAST IT OUT
OF THE SKY!

NO!





LOOK... THE
VIRUS WOULD
ONLY FALL TO
EARTH, AND
THE PEOPLE...



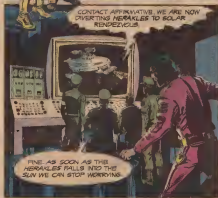
...MY FRIENDS ARE ON
BOARD... MY FRANCES...



ALL RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE
THE FACTS. I SUGGEST...
AH... A
RECONNAISSANCE
MISSION, CH?



I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED WHAT THEY HAD
PLANNED BUT I WAS FRANTIC WITH
WORRY OVER JEANNE

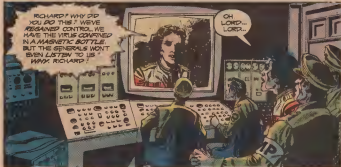


CONTACT AFFIRMATIVE, WE ARE NOW
OVERTAKING HERAKLES TO SOLAR
RENDEZVOUS

FINE, AS SOON AS THE
HERAKLES FALLS INTO THE
SUN WE CAN STOP WORRYING



INTO THE SUN, IF
THAT'S MURDER, I
YOU CAN'T!



I TOOK THEIR MONEY TOO SICK TO DO
OTHERWISE. I BOUGHT A SAILBOAT...



AS I WRITE THIS I AM TWENTY MILES OFF
BARBADOS. I HAVE NO RADIO SO I DON'T
KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING...



...AND TRIED TO LOSE MYSELF IN
THE CARIBBEAN.



...BUT A
THOUGHT
HAS
STRUCK ME.
THE
VIRUS FEEDS
ON
GRAVITY,
AND THE
SUN IS THE
LARGEST,
MOST
MASSIVE
BODY IN
THE
SOLAR
SYSTEM.



SO HOT EVEN THE SEA IS
FEVERISH, BULLEN.



I CAN ALMOST FEEL... THE
IMMENSE, SWOLLEN VIRUS...
REACHING OUT TO THE EARTH...

...FROM THE SUN...



END

HOW CAN MAGAZINES
THIS *SMALL*...

--BE SO **BIG**
IN READING PLEASURE?



CHECK OUT THE ANSWER
IN **DC's** EXCITING 100-PAGE
BLUE RIBBON
DIGESTS!



ON SALE APRIL 10th



ON SALE APRIL 10th

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **MISSING!**

UNTIL YOU'VE
READ...



ON
SALE
MAR.
13TH!

WITH JONAH HEX'S 100th
BIRTHDAY... HE NEVER
KNOWN IT COULD BE THE
LAST... HAVE BEEN THE
REASON THE SOUTH LOST
THE WAR!



ON
SALE
MAR.
27TH!

JONAH HEX: HERO TO SOME--
VILLAIN TO OTHERS. NO MATTER
WHAT YOU CALL HIM, YOU'LL
HAVE TO AGREE HE'S UNFORGET-
TABLE!

SCALP HUNTER: BORN WHITE--
RAISED A REDSKIN. HE
LIVES IN TWO WORLDS AND
IS A STRANGER TO BOTH!

GREAT WESTERNS AS ONLY **DC** CAN DO THEM!
PICK UP AN ISSUE--YOU'LL NEVER MISS ANOTHER!!

THE VENGEANCE OF C-92

CODE

THE TIME IS HALF PAST
TOMORROW
HUMANITY STRIDE
THE GALAXIES.
LIMITLESS
ENERGY IS
EXTRACTED FROM
THE VERY AIR
ITSELF. AND GENT
COMPUTERS
CONTROL ALL
PRODUCTION
DISTRIBUTION AND
TRANSPORTATION.
AND IS A
MAGNAN AND
THE MACHINE HAS
MADE WAND.

THIS IS
C-92 C FOR
CONTINENTAL
THE ULTIMATE
COMPUTER
COMPLEX AND
DR. GOFF'S
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT.

INCREDIBLE!
I RAN THE EE-18
NEW YORK TO
NEBRASKA
COMPLEX. THAT'S
APPROXIMATELY
NEXT TO THIS.

WHAT
DOES IT DO
FOR A
LIVING?

WHEN
ACTIVATED IT
WILL CONTROL
THE
ENTIRE NORTH
AMERICAN
CONTINENT.

MR. DEAN AS
BARNED GOFFS
SECRETARY YOU
CAN TELL US
WHY DOESN'T
THE BOY
WIZARD OF
MERLIN
TOWERS
TEST IT
HIMSELF?

HE'S TOO
CLOSE TO IT.
IT'S PRACTICALLY
HIS - SON. HE
THREE WILL BE
MORE
OBJECTIVE.
YOU'RE CONSIDERED
THE LEADER IN
YOUR INDIVIDUAL
COMPUTER FIELDS.

BUT ASK
HIM
YOURSELF.
HE'LL BE
DOWN FROM
THE TOWER
IN...

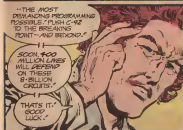
--AHM! HERE
HE IS NOW! THE
FATHER OF
MAGNA-
CYBERNETICS--

Q.D.
QUANTITY 54%
PROBABLE EXPENSE
PASTORALISM
: UICATFID

254.00
COLORS:
DATE OF MODEL:

"CUT IT MR. DEAN!
YOU MAKE ME
SOUND AS NOISE AS
SOLONG AND
GEP AS
ME THUSLAH."





WHAT'S
BEHIND IT?
THE MACHINE
ISN'T
COOPERATING
WITH YOU
BECAUSE OF
YOUR BIG
BLUE EYES,
RIGHT?

HAS IT
OCCURRED TO
YOU THAT
I'M GOOD
AT MY JOB?

THE
POINT
IS --

HEY! WHAT
IS THIS? HOW
DO I LOVE
THIS? LET ME
COUNT THE
WAYS! --

ELIZABETH
BROWNING
ON A PENT-
OUT.

OF
COURSE
YOU'RE
GOOD! I
HIRED
YOU.

IT'S A HOBBY.
DURNS SLOW-
TIME. I FEED IN
POETRY--
BYRON,
SHELLEY--

WELL, I'LL BE --
ARE YOU TRYING
TO GIVE C-92
A SOLE? YOU'RE
WASTING YOUR
CHARMS ON A
MACHINE.

SAVE THAT
FOR ME. HOW
ABOUT DINNER
TONIGHT--IN
THE TOWER?

I--ER
LOVE IT.

ARRZZZZZ
CRACKLE

A SHORT IN
UNIT N-38. YOUR
FIRST BREAKDOWN!
THE HONEYMOON
IS OVER!
HA-HA-HA!

NO, DON'T
YOU SEE?
C-92 IS
JEALOUS. HE
CAUGHT YOU
LOOKING INTO MY
BIG BLUE EYES.
HA-HA-HA!

THE MOOD OF MERRIMENT SINGS ON UNTIL THAT EVENING...

I CAN SEE WHY YOU CHOOSE TO BUILD C-92 OUT HERE!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANYWHERE, BUT I FELT THE "BOY" SHOULD HAVE CLEAN AIR AND RUNNING STREAMS!

SPEAKING OF STREAMS WE'VE GOT SOME BROOD TROUT WAITING FOR US!

BUT AS THEY STEP BACK, NEEDS...

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, AND NOT JUST HERE, BUT THROUGHOUT THE COMPLEX!

IMPOSSIBLE! C-92 CONTROLS THAT! AND I PROGRAMMED IT TO ANTICIPATE A POWER FAILURE!

WELL IF NO BOY IS TRYING TO RUN OUR DINNER, HE GOOFED, BECAUSE OLD FASHIONED CANDLELIGHT IS TWICE AS ROMANTIC!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

DR. LOGAN THERE IS SOMETHING I NEGLECTED TO DO LAST NIGHT!

WHAT WAS THAT?

THIS!

CARTER CRACKLE

WHAT THE -- ABOUT THE POWER? QUICKLY!



AS THE COLD METAL
TENTACLES REACH OUT...

FRANTICALLY, HE
SCRAMBLES FOR THE
ELEVATOR, HIS HEART
POUNING, THE
EXPECTATION OF DEATH
DIRECTLY BEHIND...



AND UNBELIEVING
HELEN LOSAN CAN ONLY
LOOK ON AS GOTT'S
TERROR TURNS TO
RICKY FURY!

STOP!
BARNEY!
YOU CAN'T!
IT'S YOUR
LIFE'S
WORK!

MUST KILL IT!
MUST KILL
IT! MUST
KILL IT!

CRRRZZZZ!

CRRRZZZZ!

CRRRZZZZ!

CRRRASH!

CRRRACK!



OH...
MY
GOD...
SOB...

BARNEY
GOTT STILL
LIVES IN
THOSE
ROCKY
MOUNTAINS
HE LOVED...

DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND...
I KILLED MY
SON! MY OWN
CHILD! I
MURDERED
HIM!

I
UNDERSTAND
BARNEY!

THE MOUNTAIN AND
THE TOWER

SHE'S HERE
EVERY SUNDAY...
AND THAT'S ALL
HE EVER SAYS...
BUT, ACCORDING TO
THE RECORDS,
HE HAD NO
CHILDREN.

THE
END



Remember How Many Times You Felt **LEFT OUT**

Because You Were **BROKE!**

Places the gang was going and you couldn't. They all had money for the movies, games, hamburgers and soft drinks . . . all of them except you.

WELL YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO BE BROKE AGAIN

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Month Day Year

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TOPS IN TEAM-UP THRILLS!

PLUS

**A
GALAXY
OF
CO-STARS
IN
EVERY
ISSUE!**



IT WAS A MEETING OF MINDS--500 YEARS APART--BUT THERE WAS ONLY A SINGLE THOUGHT BETWEEN THEM!

NUMISMATIST

IT WAS ALMOST TIME NOW FOR HORACE HOBSON'S GREAT ADVENTURE--FOR THE BOLD LEAP THROUGH FIVE CENTURIES TO THE UNKNOWN WORLD OF THE FUTURE!

FROM THIS HIDDEN CAGE HE WOULD LAUNCH HIS MIRACULOUS MACHINE, HE ALONE HAD CREATED IT, AND HE ALONE WOULD RISK THE PERILS OF ITS FIGHTER YOUNGS. THEN, AFTER ONE SUCCESSFUL ROUND TROP THROUGH TIME, HE WOULD ANNOUNCE HIS AWESOME ACHIEVEMENT TO SCIENCE!

STORY:
BRIAN KAY
ART:
CHARLES NICHOLAS
ARMANDO GIL
COLTON
JERRY SARGE
LETTERS:
ALBERT DE GUZMAN

ALL WAS READY JUST BEFORE HE GOT ABOARD. HOBSON CALMLY BARED HIS THOUGHTS FOR POSTERITY--WHICH, IN FACT, HE WAS ABOUT TO VISIT--

BESIDES THIS VOCAL RECORD, I ALSO INTEND TO BRING BACK EXTENSIVE FILMS OF THE TRIP--AS THE CROWNING JEWEL OF MY TRIUMPH!

THEN--



INSTEAD, HOBSON'S HAND REACHED OUT--UNWITTINGLY TOUCHED THE SIMPLE CONTROLS--

AN ERSE GLOW SURFED THE CRAMPED INTERIOR AS BATTERIES OF LIGHTS BLINKED HYPNOTICALLY IN SLOW, MEASURED RHYTHMS...A SOUND LIKE WIND ROSE...FED AWAY...

EVERYTHING GOES WELL, THOUGH VIBRATION SEEMS EXCESSIVE.

STILL, ACCORDING TO THE RADIO-METRIC CLOCK, WHICH IS AVAILABLE, MY CALIBRATION OF ONE SECOND TO ONE YEAR IS WORKING OUT EXACTLY!



EIGHT MINUTES AND TWENTY SECONDS LATER, THE MACHINE SHUT OFF AUTOMATICALLY. HOBSON OPENED THE HATCH AND CAME OUT--

NOTHING HAS CHANGED HERE, EXCEPT FOR THE EVOLUTION OF NUMEROUS LIMESTONE STALAGMITES... I SHALL NOW PREPARE TO EXPLORE WHAT NOW LIES OUTSIDE!



CAUTIOUSLY, HE EMERGED FROM THE CAVE...THEY BEGAN TO WALK AROUND, GAZING ABOUT IN WONDER.

MY FORESIGHT HAS BEEN REWARDED! MY HOUSE, THE SURROUNDING WOODS, EVEN THE CREEK--ALL ARE GONE! ONLY THE HILLS AND THE CAVE HAVE COME SAFELY THROUGH THE YEARS!



THE NEXT MOMENT--

ATTENTION! YOU THERE!



--AND HOBSON WHIRLED AROUND--

THEY STARED AT EACH OTHER--TWO RESIDENTS OF EARTH--HALF A MILLION YEARS APART--

WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE ON THE SURFACE?

MY FRIEND, I THINK WE HAVE A LOT TO EXPLAIN TO EACH OTHER! SIT DOWN AND LET'S START TALKING.



"HIS NAME WAS ALON-
G...AND I WISH YOU
COULD HAVE SEEN HIS
FACE WHEN I TOLD HIM
MY STORY, THEN TOOK
HIM TO SEE THE
MACHINE--"



IT STAGGERS THE MIND BUT YOUR
CAMERA, YOUR RECORDER, YOUR
OPTICS--ALL RARE ANTIQUES YET
OBVIOUSLY RECENTLY MADE--AND
YOUR COSTUME...FASHIONED OF
NATURAL FIBERS, LIKE THOSE
OF THE ANCIENTS...



YES...YES...
I BELIEVE
YOU!

"THEN IT WAS HIS TURN
TO SPEAK--AND HAD
TO BE ASTONISHED! TO
BEGIN WITH, I LEARNED--
THINK OF IT--THAT
BECAUSE OF WIDESPREAD
RADIOACTIVITY ON
EARTH'S SURFACE, THE
HUMAN RACE HAD LONG
AGO ADAPTED TO AN
UNDERGROUND
EXISTENCE!"



FEW PEOPLE MOVE ABOUT
ON THE SURFACE THESE DAYS.
IN MY CASE, I'M A RADIATION
RANGER, MONITORING THIS
AREA FOR RADIOACTIVITY.

NOW I'LL TAKE YOU TO
MY SURFACE QUARTERS,
WHERE WE CAN DISCUSS
YOUR...PLANS.



"A FEW HOURS, DRIVE THROUGH
ALTERNATE WILDERNESS AND
DESOLATION AND WE HURT
THERE--"

I'D LIKE TO MOVE AROUND
INDEPENDENTLY FOR A FEW
DAYS AND SEE THIS NEW WORLD.
SO, FIRST I'D LIKE TO SELL SOME
COINS I BROUGHT ALONG TO
PAY MY WAY.



WHAT SORT
OF COINS?

"THEN, ONCE INSIDE--ANOTHER ENDS!"

THESE, CALLED DYNES, I INTEND TO
GIVE AWAY LATER ON AS SOUVENIRS.
BUT THESE GOLD COINS SHOULD BE
WORTH A GREAT DEAL.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! MOST OF ITS VALUE
CENTURIES AGO!
ENORMOUS DEPOSITS
WERE DISCOVERED
AFTER THE
WORLD WENT
UNDERGROUND!



BUT THESE DYNES ARE EXTREMELY
PRECIOUS! FOR THIS HANDFUL I CAN GET
YOU EARLY A ROGRAM OF GOLD!

MAKE ME YOUR PARTNER AND I'LL
PROVE IT TO YOU!

DONE!

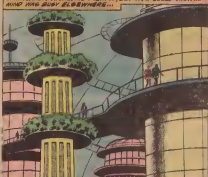
AND IN THAT MOMENT MY NEW PLAN BEGAN TO TAKE FORM.

"THE NEXT DAY, BOTH OF US CLAD IN ALJAY'S CIVILIAN CLOTHES, DROVE TO A NEARBY SURFACE STATION."



"THERE, A HIGH-SPEED ELEVATOR TOOK US DOWN TO THE GREAT METROPOLIS KNOWN AS CRESCENT CITY."

"EVERYWHERE, WONDERFUL SCENES AND VIEWS CONFRONTED ME...YET ALL SCENESHOW EXTRACHRONICALLY DEPRESSING... UNUSUAL... I WANTED TO FILM IT, BUT THAT COULD WAIT, MY HAND WAS BUSY ELSEWHERE..."



"I HAD DECIDED IT WOULD BE WOLLY NOT TO PROFIT FINANCIALLY FROM THIS INCREDIBLE OPPORTUNITY YATE HAD NAMED ME!"

"I WOULD POSTPONE REVEALING MY ACHIEVEMENT UNTIL AFTER I HAD MADE A FEW ROUND TRIPS, CONVERTING DINES TO GOLD!"



"IF ALJAY WAS RIGHT, EACH DINE COULD BE WORTH ENDOROUS DINES--AND WE WOULD SHARE THE PROFITS EQUALLY!"

"YOU PREFER TO BE PAID IN EMERGENCY INSTEAD OF A CREDIT TRANSFER? WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR."

"AND PLEASE REMEMBER, IF YOU SHOULD MAKE ANOTHER FIND OF THESE EXQUISITE DINES, WE ARE ALWAYS A READY MARKET!"



"WE SPLIT THE PROCEEDS, THEN ALJAY TOOK ME TO A REPERTORY WHERE I BOUGHT 50 KILOGRAMS OF GOLD INOTS--WORTH PERHAPS A MILLION IN MY TIME."



"IT WAS THAT MAGNIFICENTLY EASY!"

"IT WAS EARLY EVENING AS WE DROVE BACK ALONG THE SURFACE. IN MY ELATION, EVEN THAT REPULLENT, REPULSING LANDSCAPE SEEMED LOVELY IN THE ROSEATE LIGHT..."



AJON, DON'T YOU EVER MISS DAYLIGHT--SEEING THE SUN RISE, OR A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET LIKE THIS?"

NOT AT ALL. I DISLIKE DAYLIGHT INTENSELY! IT'S MY JOB TO ENDURE IT, THAT'S ALL. UNDERGROUND IS THE ONLY WAY TO LIVE!

"AT AJON'S QUARTERS, I GOT BACK INTO MY OWN CLOTHES AND TOLD HIM I WAS LEAVING IMMEDIATELY!"



I'M ALL SET! WILL YOU HELP ME GET THE GOLD TO THE CAVE?"

OF COURSE, BUT WHY AREN'T YOU STAYING FOR A FEW DAYS, AS YOU SAID YOU WOULD?"

FRANKLY, AJON, I'M STARVING! YOUR DIET OF TABLETS AND PILLS DOESN'T WORK FOR ME. I NEED REAL, OLD-FASHIONED FOOD AND I'LL BRING ALONG A GOOD SUPPLY WHEN I COME BACK.



"LOOK WITH THE VISIONS STOWED ABOARD THE MACHINE, HE SAID OUR GOODBYES. IT WAS AMAZING WHAT GOOD FRIENDS WE'D BECOME IN SO SHORT A TIME..."



I'LL BE BACK IN EXACTLY ONE WEEK, AT NOON SHARP!

I'LL BE HERE!

"A TOUCH ON THE CONTROL CONSOLE AND THE PROGRAMMED RETURN CYCLE TOOK OVER..."



ALL SYSTEMS FULLY OPERATIVE, BUT VIBRATION HAD INCREASED! OBVIOUSLY I'VE UNDERESTIMATED SOME STRESS FACTORS. THIS REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!

"BUT THE MINUTES FLEW BY AND I WAS BACK--SAFE AND SOUND!"

BUT THOUGH THE RETURN HAD BEEN OTHERWISE UNEXPECTED, THE ACCUMULATED ENGINEERING STRESS DATA IN THE COMPUTER CARRIED A CLEAR WARNING--



THE MACHINE COULD SAFELY SURVIVE ONLY ONE MORE ROUND TRIP--AND THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING ALL OVER AGAIN!

THAT NIGHT, BACK AT HOME, AS HOBSON CONTEMPLATED HIS HOARD, HE MADE A NEW DECISION--



SINCE I CAN ONLY DO IT ONCE MORE--AT LEAST UNTIL I BUILD ANOTHER MACHINE--WHY NOT CUT OUT ALON AND KEEP ALL THE PROFIT?

DECEITFUL? GREEDY? IMMORAL? SO BE IT!

IT TOOK ALL THE NEXT DAY TO GATHER WHAT HE NEEDED--TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS--WHICH WOULD BE WORTH ALL THE GOLD HE COULD POSSIBLY BRING BACK!



HOW TO GET ME SOME PROPER CLOTHES!

THAT PROBLEM WAS SPEEDILY SOLVED BY A THEATRICAL COSTUME DESIGNER--

I WANTED SOMETHING REALLY DIFFERENT FOR A MASQUERADE PARTY, SO I DREAMED THE UP



VERY ORIGINAL! YOU'LL BE THE HIT OF THE EVENING!

AND WITH HIS PREPARATIONS COMPLETE, HOBSON HASTENED TO HIS MACHINE--TO RETURN TO THE 20TH CENTURY--FOUR DAYS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!



CRESCENT CITY WOULD BE WITHIN REACH ON FOOT, AND HE COULD QUICKLY CONSUMMATE HIS BUSINESS AND BE HOME BEFORE ALON EVEN EXPECTED HIS ARRIVAL!

THIS, IN AN HOUR--PLUS 800 YEARS--HE WAS HAPPILY CONSIDERING HIS WAY ACROSS THE TRACKLESS BUT WELL-REMEMBERED TERRAIN--



IT'S HEAVY...AND THE GOLD WILL BE EVEN HEAVIER... BUT WHAT A PAYOFF!

TWO DAYS LATER, OUT ON HINDS, RANGER ALVIN-A-CU WAS SUDDENLY COMFOUNDED BY THE READINGS ON HIS INSTRUMENTS!

STRANGE! THIS SECTOR WAS REGISTERING NEGATIVE AFTER HOBSON LEFT--BUT NOW I'M GETTING THE SAME READINGS THAT FIRST LED ME TOWARD THAT CAVE!



IT'S ACCURATE--IT'S TRUE! THE MACHINE IS BACK--I SEE IT!

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN HERE? AND WHERE IS HOBSON?



BUT WHEN HE OPENED THE TIME MACHINE AND LOOKED INSIDE--THE STORY WAS UNMISTAKABLE!

PRACTICALLY BURSTING WITH GOLD! IT MUST'VE TAKEN HOBSON SEVERAL MARCHES TO BRING IT FROM CRESCENT CITY! AND HIS CLOTHES ARE HERE--WHICH MEANS HE SOMEHOW GOT OTHERS THAT WILL PASS.



HE'S UNDOUBTEDLY IN THE CITY, STILL NOT FINISHED CHEATING ME! BUT I'M CAN PLAY THIS GAME! HE'S TOLD ME ENOUGH ABOUT THE MACHINE, HIS HOME, EVERYTHING!

I'LL TAKE HIS GOLD--USE HIS CLOTHES--AND MAKE A ROUND TRIP FOR MYSELF!

AND TRUE ENOUGH, AS HOBSON HAD SAID, THE MACHINE WAS AUTOMATIC, FAIL-SAFE, ALL IT REQUIRED WAS THE ACTIVATION OF ITS MAIN SWITCH--



--AND HE WAS OFF!

FOR THE NEXT EIGHT MINUTES AND TWENTY SECONDS, ALVIN EXPERIENCED THE MOST TERRIFYING INTERVAL OF HIS LIFE!

IS THIS HOW IT ALWAYS IS... OR IS SOMETHING DREADFUL HAPPENING... SOMETHING UNPREDICTED?

THE MACHINE IS SHAKING ITSELF APART!



THEN ALL AT ONCE, EVERYTHING STOPPED...
THE MATCH OPENED AND ALONZ DROGGED OUT--



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!



SOME HOURS LATER THAT
SAME DISASTROUS DAY--
BUT 500 YEARS IN THE
FUTURE--HOBSON
RETURNED TO THE CAVE
FOUND THE MACHINE GONE
AND WAS PROMPTLY AND
PERMANENTLY BURIED
OF ALL REASON!



RAYMOND'S
FOUND HIM
WANDERING
ON THE
SURFACE
BARBLING
NONSENSE...

TEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE
THAT DAY. MORACE HOBSON IS
PATIENT #183 AT CRESCENT
CITY HOSPITAL, AND KEEPS
VERY BUSY--

AND NOW IS YOUR
"TIME MACHINE"
COMING ALONG?



FINE! ANY
DAY NOW, I'LL
BE READY FOR
A TEST HOP!

TEN YEARS HAVE ALSO PASSED
FOR MR. ALONZ, THE BILLIONAIRE,
WHO LIVES LIKE A MOLE, BURIED
IN A STERILE, SEALED
UNDERGROUND COMPLEX...



...UNABLE TO BREATHE THE PLANET'S
AIR, OR EAT ITS FOOD...EASY PREY
TO A DOZEN DISEASES UNKNOWN
IN HIS TIME.

SO FAR, HE HAS SPENT
FORTUNES ON TEAMS OF
INVENTORS AND SCIENTISTS,
TRYING TO FIND SOMEONE
WHO CAN RECONSTRUCT
HOBSON'S MACHINE--

WELL, NOW
IS IT COMING
ALONG?

FINE!
ANY DAY
NOW WE'RE
EXPECTING A
BREAKTHROUGH



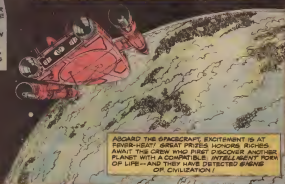
END

FINALLY THE FIFTY-BILLION-TO-ONE SHOT-MARKING WILDEST DREAM-- COMES TO FRUITION IN A

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

STORY: MURRAY KIN ART: TREVOR HORN EDDYH & CARL POTTS
LETTERS: TODD KLEIN COLORS: BOB LEROSE

THE MOST
ASTROUNDED
EVENT IN THE
HISTORY OF
THE WORLD
IS ABOUT TO
OCCUR! AFTER
A LONG VOYAGE
FROM GALAXY
XLS, SPACE
EXPLORATION
UNIT #1
MAKES FINAL
PREPARATIONS
FOR A LANDING
ON EARTH!



ABOARD THE SPACECRAFT, EXCITEMENT IS AT
FEVER-HEAT! GREAT PRIZES, HONORS, RICHES
AWAIT THE CREW WHO FIRST DISCOVER ANOTHER
PLANET WITH A COMPATIBLE, INTELLIGENT FORM
OF LIFE--AND THEY HAVE DETECTED EVIDENCE
OF CIVILIZATION!

CONSIDERING THAT WE MAY
WELL BE THE PLANET'S FIRST
VISITORS FROM SPACE, WE
SHOULD BE IN FOR A TRULY
WONDERFUL RECEPTION!

NOT TO MENTION THAT
WE CAN PROBABLY ADVANCE
THEIR ARTS AND SCIENCES TO
UNDREAMED OF LEVELS!

NEVERTHELESS, I
ADVISE CAUTION.
WE HAVE NO WAY OF
KNOWING HOW THEY
MIGHT REACT.

PERHAPS YOU'RE
RIGHT. LET'S SEE WHAT
THEY'RE LIKE BEFORE
WE EXPOSE OURSELVES TO
LARGE NUMBERS
OF THEM.

AGREED, WE'LL
MAKE SURE TO
AVOID LANDING NEAR
A CITY.

AND SO, THEY LANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWH--

HEAR THAT HABITATION...SEVERAL CITIZENS--VERY STRANGE-LOOKING AND OF DIFFERENT SPECIES, BUT ALIKE IN ONE REGARD--THEY WALK ON ALL FOURS!

THIS SOIL AND THESE PLANTED FIELDS SEEM LIKE OUR OWN!

AND A MOST PEACEABLE SCENE! ONWARD!

BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER--

INCREDIBLE! THEY'RE PRACTICALLY IGNORING US!

IT MAY JUST BE THEIR WAY! FOR ALL WE KNOW, THEY'RE OVERWHELMED WITH THE WONDER AND AWES OF US!

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH WITH OUR TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATOR!

MOST NOBLE PERSONAGE, ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF GALAXY XLB, SYSTEM 2, PLANET 9-- GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS!

WHAT IS IT THINKING?
WHAT DO YOU GET?

MUD, THAT'S ALL! AN ENDLESS FIELD OF MUD! ITS BRAIN POWER REGISTERS **MUNDUS #1**!

OBVIOUSLY THIS CAN'T BE THE DOMINANT SPECIES HERE! LET'S TRY THIS OTHER INDIVIDUAL...HE LOOKS LIKE AN ACHIEVER!

MOST ESTEEMED INHABITANT OF THIS SPLENDID PLANET, AS YOU DOUBTLESS REALIZE, MY COLLEAGUES AND I ARE SPACEMEN FROM A FAR DISTANT GALAXY--

YOU DO REALIZE THAT, DON'T YOU?

SWANNE

WELL, WHAT DO YOU GET NOW?

NOTHING!
ABSOLUTE BLANK!
...WHAT'S THE READING ON THE BRAIN POWER?

I CAN'T TELL. I THINK OUR INSTRUMENTS BLEW OUT!



AH-HAH -- LOOK! ANOTHER CITIZEN HASTENS TO APPROACH US! PERHAPS IT CAN MAKE A MORE MEANINGFUL CONTRIBUTION TO THIS ATTEMPTED DIALOGUE!



A MOST IMPRESSIVE FIGURE-- AND SUCH EAGERNESS!

HAVE YOU GOT THE COMMUNICATOR READY?

READY!



MINDLESS SAVAGES!

HOSTILE PRIMITIVES!

VIOLENT IMBECILES!



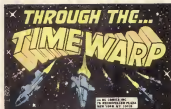
AND AS SPACE EXPLORATION UNIT 41 RESUMES THE GREAT QUEST, ITS CREW REMOVE THEIR SPACESUITS, RELAXES AND ENTERS THE SAG BRIEF ENCOUNTER IN THE LOG...



WHAT A PITY! I SUPPOSE IT WAS TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR!

MAYBE WE'LL DO BETTER IN ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM!

RIGHTY UPWARD AND ONWARD!



It's the week before Halloween, our very favorite time of year (next to the middle of August, us being a hot weather fan and all. . .) There is a certain excitement in the air these nights, the wind whipping through the rapidly changing leaves. It's a very eerie time, reminiscent of Ray Bradbury's "Something Wicked This Way Comes," one of our all-time favorite novels.

Anticipation is running up and down our spine disguised in a chill. We really look forward to seeing the neighborhood kids come knocking on our door to show off their costumes. Some are store-bought, and the little ones are fun to watch in these, their thrill of the night bubbling over, but we are eager to see the more imaginative ones. We like to see those costumes that the kids put together themselves, amazing things held together with bits and pieces of discarded junk that, if glued on and painted in that certain way, will pass for a Frankenstein neck bolt or a ripper of some outer space hero. The kids readily happen to know that we give away comic books instead of candy and our house is always one of their first stops. They are waiting for their visit here as much as we are. Anticipation of something exciting and wondrous is almost as much fun as the actual event (and often surpasses that event).

We remember the same feeling when we used to look the four miles to the only store near our home which sold comic books. *STRANGE ADVENTURES* and *MYSTERY IN SPACE* were clearly our favorite books, and hoping that the latest issue of either of them would be an one thrilled us as much as the stories when the latest edition was finally ours.

Judging by the mountain of mail you will sent in, you awaited the second issue of *TIME WARP* with the same air of excitement. Some of you felt that your anticipation was rewarded with a better issue than number 1, and others felt that waiting for number 2 was better than the actual product. To be honest with you, we felt that number 2 was a marked improvement over our previous effort and we hope we will continue to bring you better issues each time out. We're sure you'll let us know if we fail or succeed!

You've been doing a sensational job of letting us know which stories you like each issue, and we'd like to get to the issue's *TIME WARP* Fall View off. We'll start with the winning awards for issue #2. It was clear in the first few post cards we received that J.M. Delaney's "THE TRUTH" was the favorite story. It seemed that most of you enjoyed this bizarre tale and its "message." Although we keep saying that entertainment is our first goal and "messages" are a bonus, it appears that quite a few of you "Warpers" are entertained by messages! That gives us some editorial thinking to do for sure!

Our lead tale, Wyatt Grayson's "RETURN TO THE STARS" came in second. It seems that you agree with the editorial staff in that time paradox stories are a lot of fun! J.M. Delaney scored again by coming in third with "SAVOURS." This tale was originally scheduled for issue #1. We guess it was worth the wait. Paul Lewis came in fourth with "THE LAST JOURNEY," "METAL" by Jack E. Harris was fifth, George Friedman's "CULTURAL EXCHANGE" was sixth, "ENERGY SOURCE" by Bob Roszak was seventh, and "SCAVENGERS" by Bill Kelley was eighth. By reviewing this list does seem that the more "involved" tales score highest. We'll keep this in mind for future issues.

We're also happy that most of you remembered to list your favorite art jobs separately. This way we can see that you like the way the stories are read for different reasons than the fact that they were well drawn. The art awards were certainly different than the ones for writing.

Jim Karna came in first for issue #2, with "THE SAVOURS." Since Mr. Karna has since picked up the art assignment for the *Paranoid* newspaper comic strip, we are saddened to learn that he will have no time to do any more *TIME WARP* stories in the foreseeable future. However, we hope we can top some of Howard Chaykin's time for more *TIME WARP* tales. Your votes put his "RETURN TO THE STARS" in a very close second place for favorite art job. This lead tale was the only one which you voted in as the same rating for story and art. Second place, Tom Sutton's work on "THE TRUTH" was third and we're very happy you enjoy his work. We're asked Sutton fans ourselves and Tom's brave turning in occasional art jobs for *TIME WARP* on a regular basis.

Don Newton and Dave Simons came in fourth with their "CULTURAL EXCHANGE" job. Don's a regular *TIME WARP* contributor who does not particularly like doing his artwork because of scheduling, we're really not sure who will lead him each time out. It seems as if Simons' drawing was a pleasant surprise.

Steve Ocko, another *TIME WARP* regular came in fifth with "THE LAST JOURNEY," Joe Orlando was sixth with "METAL," Jerry Crandall's "SCAVENGERS" came in seventh, and Romeo Tanghal and John Calenda's "ENERGY SOURCE" was eighth.

Most of you told us that the tales you voted into eighth place were not bad, it's just that some other efforts were a bit better. The voting proved this up that it was very close in most rating. Of course there was quite a bit more said than just rating talked, and we're sure you like to read some of it. So, let's get on with some of your letters.

Dear Editor,

DC has a winner! The last two issues of *TIME WARP* are extremely encouraging. Although I am not an avid science fiction fan, the talent within this magazine clearly shows excellence. I suppose that's the major purpose of this letter—to commend, and yet I also wish to caution. Be sure that all stories ARE science fiction. There is a fine line between a mystery yarn and a science fiction tale. For example, in TW #1 you featured "Mating Game" by Michael Fleisher. Although the main theme of the story was then and has been used over and over, it was good! But not for inclusion in *TIME WARP*. *HOUSE OF MYSTERY*, *UNEXPECTED*, etc. would have been a much more appropriate place for the tale.

Another item of caution is story quality. If the first two issues are any indication of that which is to come, I have no worry. Fifteen of the sixteen tales have truly been stupendous in the reader's opinion. My fear is that perhaps in a year or so TW may hit a slump and turn out less than average stories. This happened to the old *STRANGE ADVENTURES* tale in the Sixties. The bottom of the barrel was scraped for such intellectual tales as "The Men With the Corner Head," "The Mad Gentle Bore," and "The Guardian Eye" starring the Greenmosses, who was dubbed on the cover as "The Switcheroo Witchwax." (Point made, I hope.)

Sincerely hope that TW steers clear of regular features such as happened in *MYSTERY IN SPACE* (Adam Strange and Ultra) and *HOUSE OF MYSTERY* (G.H. 'H' for Hero). The present format is very tidy and enjoyable.

TW is the most impressive title to be released from DC since FROM BEYOND THE UNKNOWN. TW is better, however, since all material is new. Keep reports in the Digest Corner.

My fingers are crossed for good sales figures for this infant which, with the proper guidance and support, should mature into quite a magazine!

Yes, DC has a winner!

P.S. Has John Schwartz seen STAR WARS yet?

F. Muchenbarm
430 Mt. Zion Rd., N.W.
Lawrence, Ohio 43130

Actually, no he hasn't! For those of you who don't know what we're talking about, it was an editorial which appeared in FW #2, which pointed out that Julie Schwartz, one of the original founders of science fiction fandom, was no longer involved in such matters because, with the numbers of science fiction fans increasing by the thousands, he no longer felt that special, private quality which made it all seem like magic. Grady enough, maybe it was the "Schwartz magic" which was missing from the later issues of *SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES* you remembered. You see, Julie was no longer adding the boost during the periods said.

As long as *TIME WARP* has the editorial staff it now enjoys, we say goodbye to "barrel scraping"!

You mentioned that you are not an "avid science fiction fan." Our next reader is, and the opinions of the science-fiction stories in *TIME WARP* paralleled, in places, your feelings on "READING GAME." We'll comment as soon as you've read the following.—JCH

Dear Mr. Harris,

So you tend to feel the special elite quality has gone out of science fiction, huh? Everyone knows what a laser gun does, and what a rocket ship's for? All about light years, etc?

Pardon me, sir, but I beg to differ with you. Possibly your own involvement with comic and science fiction circles has indeed dulled your senses and leads you to believe that "Gee, I know that. Doesn't everybody?"

Sure, everyone might (then again, might not) know what a blaster looks like from exposure to *STAR WARS*. Do they all care? The answer may surprise you.

No, I do not know what science fiction was like back in your "early magic years." I'll admit to being only eighteen years old. But I don't know what it's like being a Christian Reformed holander science fiction fan here in south western Michigan. Science fiction isn't the only kind of book I like to read, but it comes close. I do have a few friends I can share my manure with. On the other hand, my mom kind of hopes I "grow out of it." I have a good friend who has often informed me that "science fiction is the mind."

Back when I was in the 6th, 6th and 7th grades I tumbled headlong into the worlds of Heinlein, Andre Norton, C. S. Lewis and Star Trek from my former fascination with Nancy Drew mysteries. It was so new, real and optimistic. It was like a brand new world, several of them in fact. And fantasy and science fiction have been on the top of my list ever since.

Thus, believe it or not, leads me to what I think is a fatal flaw in *TIME WARP*. Most of your stories are downright discouraging, and I feel like I should be hearing organ chords while reading them. I know it's horribly unrealistic of me, but I like stories with happy endings, which your comics have almost none of. I like stories that say, "Yes, God willing, we will reach the stars and it will be great." Of course the story needs conflict (maybe an interstellar war, or space smugglers, or...) but by the story's conclusion, the menace will be conquered and our heroes will emerge triumphant.

Just so this is perfectly clear, no, I do NOT want to see ALL upbeat stories. All of one kind of story (either happy or sad) makes for a dull comic, which I do not want *TIME WARP* to be.

A. L. Stavr
4330 Melin S W
Wyoming, Michigan 48393

A few points of clarification: You're right, everyone does not know the latest science fiction terminology, and we don't really believe that they do. However, we do think that everyone who is attracted to *TIME WARP* does. Science fiction has the unique ability to form cliques of fans, something that does not occur in any other circle to such a degree. There are mystery fans, western fans, etc., but the science fiction fans are the ones who began conventions, lineages and the whole fan movement. Even comic book fandom is rooted in the areas of the fantastic, the super-heroic.

What we were saying was that science fiction fandom is no longer a secret, inner circle. The movement has grown, it's worldwide (worldwide?) and the feeling of uniqueness no-

longer exists. *TIME WARP* is not about to convert your mother or your "mud rat" believing friend. But we do hope to convert those fans who are already experiencing the joys found in the worlds of science fiction.

You're also correct that there should be a wider balance of stories in *TIME WARP*. All sad endings can be depressing. We think, however, that "sad/happy" might be in your point of view. For instance, was the ending of #2's "THE TRUTH" a sad or happy ending? The hero turned into one of the most disgusting monsters we've ever seen, but at the same time he was granted an insight into existence that was so wonderful his physical appearance made little difference. Happy or sad? We'd like to hear answers from you.

Also, we'd like to approach the question of "what is science fiction?". We agree that science fiction is not all Bug Eyed Monsters (BEMs), but BEMs ARE science fiction. We have always used this illustration in Mary Shelly's "Frankenstein" science fiction? We think so. There is a scientist and he creates a monster in a lab. Now if that is not science fiction, then the term needs redefining. Agreed? No? Well, then we'd like to learn your views.

We have learned quite a bit about what you want to see in *TIME WARP* from your letters. We have to also take into consideration how the sales of the comic have been in fact we will not learn for some months as yet. If we change anything because of what you have written us and learn that the sales of the book were strong BEFORE such changes, we might be in danger of losing that "silent majority" out there who liked the book the way it was. Fortunately for all concerned, *TIME WARP* is a Dollar Comic. With all the stories we are able to put in such a format, we think that there will ALWAYS be a story or two you will like. Stories that will be worth the wait and the price. It's impossible for everyone to like every story, but we think that there will be something in every issue that will please every fan.

We're running out of space. We're jumping into our time machines and heading for 60 days in the future! See you then!—Jack C. Harris, Associate Editor



"... AND ON THE SECOND TRY THE BELL CHATTERED AS HAD THE FIRST--SO THE KING TOLD THE OLD CRAFTSMAN HE HAD ONE MORE CHANCE ...



"... THE OLD MAN TOLD THIS TO HIS DAUGHTER--ALONG WITH THE FACT THAT THE KING HAD PROMISED HIS DEATH IF THE THIRD BELL FAILED ...



"... AND THE GIRL WENT FOR HELP TO AN OLD WITCH WOMAN WHO LIVED OUTSIDE THE TOWN--AND THE WOMAN TOLD HER ...

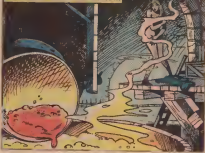
ONLY THE BODY OF AN INNOCENT MAN, WHEN PRESERVED IN MORTEN BRONZE, WILL LIFT THE CURSE FROM THE BELLS ...



"SHE COULDN'T KNOW HE SHE SENT HER FATHER'S ROYAL ATTENDANT AWAY ON A BARGE, THAT THE HUMAN BODY HAS CERTAIN CHEMICALS--



"--AMONG WHICH ARE SULFUR, WHICH IS NECESSARY IN SUCH BELLS TO MAKE THEM RING TRUE ...



"AND IT DID RING TRUE ... AS THE OLD CRAFTSMAN WAS SAVED BY HIS DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE !"



GOOD—
SHE'S ASLEEP! OH
GLAD SHE MISSED THE
ONLY ENEMY OF THAT
STORY ANYWAY!

I ALWAYS
KEEP THE STORY
MYSELF—BUT AT
LEAST IT WON'T GIVE MY
DAUGHTER NIGHTMARES
WHILE I'M AWAY FOR
A FEW DAYS...

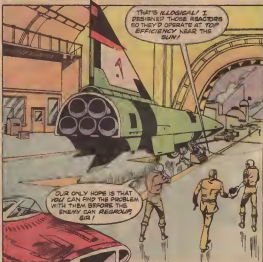
THIS IS DR. RAY BLANKWELL—
BRIGHT, CREATIVE,
INVENTIVE—A MAN WITH A
TRAGIC FLAW! UNDEATH
THE FACADE OF THE RENOWNED
SCIENTIST HE IS AN
INCREDIBLE ROMANTIC—
ONE WHO THINKS HE MUST
BE THE ONE TO...

TO CONQUER THE SUN

STORY: ELLIOT & MAGGAY
ART: JERRY BRINGHAM &
JOHN CELARDO
LETTERS: TOPP KLEN
COLORS: JERRY SERFE

EVEN MY WIFE
COULDN'T KNOW I'D
BE LEAVING TONIGHT
...WELL, SHE KNEW
THIS WOULD HAPPEN
OCCASIONALLY WHEN
SHE MARRIED
ME!

IT SEEMS I'M
AN IMPORTANT
PERSON JUST
NOW...



IN AN ORBIT IN THE SHADOW OF
MERCURY HANGS SUN STATION
ONE—FIGHTING AGAINST THE
REBELS OF KAGARS...



...REBELS WHO STILL
THREATEN TO BRING A
FASCIST REGIME TO THE
DOMINATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

...UNLESS THIS MAN CAN FIND
A WAY TO STOP THEM HERE...



DR. BLAKEWELL,
WHAT ARE YOU
FOUND--?

SITTING UP, YOU CAN'T
EXPECT ME TO SEE WHAT THE
PROBLEM HERE THE SCENE IS
FROM THIS DISTANCE, DO YOU?



I'LL NEED A PROOF I
SUSPECT... COMING?

YOU KNOW
HOW TO FLY THESE
THINGS--YOU
DESIGNED THEM!

BUT SOMEONE'S
GOT TO MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T STUMBLE
INTO A NAU
ZONE!

THEY GO THROUGH HANDGUNS,
RIFLES, MACHINE GUNS,
RETRIEVES, AND EVERYTHING
CHECKS OUT UNTIL ONE
OPTION REMAINS...

NONSENSE! I HAVEN'T
FOUND A BETTER THING
WORKS HERE! WE'LL
HAVE TO APPROACH THE
ENEMY BASE!



THAT'S KAGARS AT
THIS O'CLOCK--WE
BETTER TURN BACK, SIR!

YOU'LL LEFTOVER IN THE
ENEMY--THE GOVERNMENT'S
GOT A LOT INVENTED IN YOUR
TRAINING!

I CAN'T LEAVE
YOUR HEAD
MORE VALUABLE
THAN I AM!



THAT MAY BE SO, BUT THE REASON
I'M MORE VALUABLE IS THAT I CAN
DO WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO, AND
YOU CAN'T--BESIDES, I
OUTTHINK YOU...



...SO GET OUT OF
HERE, SOLDIER!

IT IS PROBABLY A FOOLISH THING TO DO, BUT TO DO SAY BLAKEWELL'S SILENTED AND IT IS THE ONLY THING...



AND BLAKEWELL SITS ABOARD, STUNNING HIS REACTION BATH PROBLEM, HOWEVER...



BUT BEFORE THE AUTOMATIC UNIT CAN TAKE OVER...



SILENCE! THIS CLOSE TO THE SUN THE REACTOR SHOWS A SILENCE IMBALANCE!



OBVIOUS ANYONE HAVE A HABIT OF POPPING INTO ANY BLAKEWELL'S HEAD-- LIKE THIS ONE...



HERE IS WHERE THE FATES
PLAY THEIR AWFUL COSMIC
LOUSE ON RAY BLAKENELL--FOR
HE WILL NEED BE CALLED A
HERO TOMORROW...

...AND BORN TO CATCH THE
FIRE OF THE SUN...

...A GREAT NOVA
LIGHT FLARES
OVER THE
PLANET...

...AND RAY BLAKENELL
FINDS, TO HIS UNPRAISEABLE
HORROR--

...THAT HE IS STILL
ALIVE--!

...AND
WETGOSNER
AND OF WATCHES
THE POWERFUL
LITTLE CRAFT
TUMBLE PAST
HEARD AS
OTHERS HAVE
DONE--

ALIVE... AND
HUNGRY--

SOMEWHERE IN
THE COUNTRY
OF A HAND THAT
THE SUN
CREATURE
POSSESSES IT
KNOWS WHAT
HIS HAPPENED

... BUT NOT BEFORE
IT LEFT TWO
POSSIBLE, SLAVE-
ING MASS OF
FURNING ENERGY
IN ITS HAND--

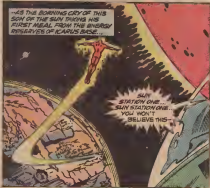
... THAT A HUMAN SACRIFICE
FAILED TO STABILIZE THE
REACTION BATH--THAT
THE EXPLODING WARSHIP
TUMBLED INTO THE SUN...

-- TO SUCK THE REMAINING
POWER OF THE ENEMY INTO
ITS RAUERING FORM...



NEVER DID THE SUN BEAT SO FURIOUSLY...OR A FIRESTORM RAGE SO MERCILESSLY...

NEVER DID THE WINDS OF SPACE FLY SO FIERCELY... NEVER WERE THE VERY TONGS OF THE UNIVERSE SO UNDRAGGABLE...



AS THE BURNING GUY OF THIS SON OF THE SUN DIPS HIS FIRST MEAL FROM THE ENERGY RESERVES OF KARIS BACE...

SUN STATION ONE... SUN STATION ONE... YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS...

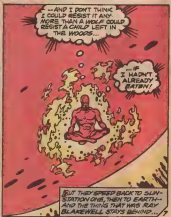


BUT I THINK BLAKEWELL OUTED THAT WHOLE BASS ANIMALLY THERE'S NOTHING MOVING DOWN HERE...LOOKS LIKE A FIRESTORM HIT!

DON'T THAT MEAN THE WAR IS OVER?



THEY'RE LUCKY... THERE'S A LOT OF ENERGY ABOARD THAT SHIP...



...AND I DON'T THINK I COULD RESIST IT ANY MORE THAN A WOLF COULD RESIST A CARROT LEFT IN THE WOODS...

IF I HADN'T ALREADY BATHED!

BUT THEY SPEED BACK TO SUN STATION ONE, THEN TO EARTH-- AND THE THING THAT WAS CALLED BLAKEWELL STAYS BEHIND...



MRS BLAKEWELL
I'M SORRY--

UHH...YES--
COME IN...

I DO HAVE
SOME NEWS FOR
YOU, MA'AM!

IT'S ABOUT RAY, RIGHT?
HE'S NOT REALLY GONE--
IT'S SOME KIND OF
SECRET MISSION,
RIGHT?

OH SORRY,
MRS BLAKEWELL,
BUT IT'S ONLY ABOUT HIS
GOVERNMENT LIFE
INSURANCE!



SO FAR THIS WEEK
PEOPLE HAVE COME TO ME
WANTING TO WRITE BOOKS
AND 3-D PROJECTIONS
ABOUT MY HUSBAND...

...THEY WANT
ME TO GRANT
INTERVIEWS,
WRITE FOR
MAGAZINES--

--NOW
INSURANCE!
I'M SET FOR
LIFE...



...BUT WHY
DON'T YOU
PEOPLE TELL
ME HOW MY
HUSBAND
DIED?

NO DON'T
SAY IT--YOU'RE
SORRY!

ARMIES AND GOVERNMENTS ARE FOND OF
SAVING THAT CERTAIN INFORMATION IS A
SECRET...

...BUT THAT CAN OFTEN BE TRANSLATED TO
MEAN THAT THE REAL SECRET IS THE FACT
THAT THEY SIMPLY DON'T KNOW...



--AND THEY PROBABLY
NEVER WILL...

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- 18 Archers with bows
- 16 Slingers
- 4 Chariots with drivers
- 4 Working Sclapias
- 18 Pieces of ammunition (bushings) for catapult
- 24 Foot soldiers with breastplates and shields
- 4 Buglers

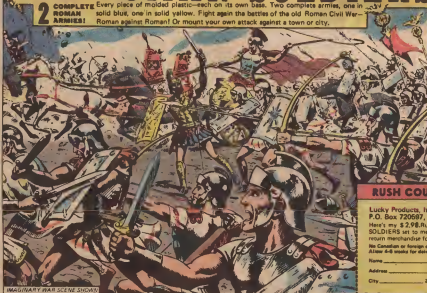
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SPALDING

PRESENTS

STREET BALL

WITH
RICK BARRY
AND
DR. J!

HEY LOOK!
IT'S RICK BARRY
AND DR. J!



MY MAN, FOR REAL
BALL HANDLING,
YOU NEED THAT

...SPALDING
TOUCH!!!



YOU
DON'T NEED
MAGIC -JUST
PRACTICE WITH
A SPALDING
AUTOGRAPH
BALL. IT'S GOT
A RUBBER COVER
SO YOU CAN
REALLY GET
A GRIP ON
IT.



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WITH THE SURE-HANDED
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SIGNED BY WILT CHAMBERLAIN,
"PISTOL" PETE, "MAGIC" JOHNSON
AND LARRY BIRD."

